

Dr Owen not to seek reselection by Labour

The rift in the Labour Party deepened last night when Dr David Owen, one of the so-called "gang of four" who have formed the Council for Social Democracy, told his constituency party that he would not stand as the official party candidate in the next election. But he did not indicate whether he would fight the seat as a social democratic candidate.

Statement cites party swing to left

By Fred Emery
Political Editor

Dr David Owen last night took another step towards leaving the Labour Party when he announced that he would not stand as the official party candidate at the next election in his Plymouth, Devonport, constituency. The former Foreign Secretary left it unclear whether he would contest the seat as a social democratic candidate.

In a statement prepared for his local management committee, Dr Owen said that he was remaining a member of the Labour Party until he had decided whether or not to join a new party. He did not intend to be rushed into any decision, but in an indication that he might remain in the Commons even after joining a new party, he said that he would continue to represent the seat throughout the life of this Parliament.

From what is known of Dr Owen's thinking and that of the other members of Labour's "gang of four" who last Sunday formed the Council for Social Democracy, a decision whether to turn it into a new party will be taken in the summer.

Dr Owen, who retained his seat in a close fight at the 1979 general election, said it was ironic that the Boundary Commission should now be proposing changes that would make Devonport a safer Labour seat. He made it clear that nothing in the Shadow Cabinet's determination to reverse the decision of the special party conference on electing the leader, had altered his view of the party's swing to the left. Pain and sadness: Dr Owen's move follows the resignation earlier this week from the Shadow Cabinet of Mr William Rodgers, and the announcement last year by Mrs Shirley Williams that she did not wish to be considered as a future Labour candidate for her former constituency (the Press Association reports).

In an emotionally worded speech, he made clear his pain and sadness at his decision. He told the management committee: "This is a deeply painful moment. Many of us have worked closely together over the years in a spirit of friendship and good comradeship."

Mr Trudeau ignores British MPs
From John Best
Ottawa, Jan 30
Mr Pierre Trudeau, the Canadian Prime Minister, says he will press on with his constitutional reform plan despite its rejection by a select committee at Westminster.
"We have taken the position that the British Parliament, according to custom, tradition and constitutional law, had to act upon a request made jointly by the Parliament of Canada and the Prime Minister to the Canadian Commons. That is still our position."

Mr Trudeau was answering opposition questions in a sometimes stormy exchange triggered by the report that the select committee had strong reservations over the package.
He insisted that the position taken by the select committee is not that of the British Government and Parliament and reiterated earlier statements that he had Mrs Thatcher's promise to put on a three-line ship so as to get the measure through the British House.
The Prime Minister returned to the same theme at a press conference today. Asked whether Canada might unilaterally declare independence if Westminster does not adopt the federal plan, he said: "That won't happen, because the British Parliament will act. I have the word of the Prime Minister."

Ottawa warned, page 4

Premier resigns in Norway

S Africans attack targets in Maputo

From Nicholas Ashford
Johannesburg, Jan 30

A commando raid by South African forces against targets in a suburb of Maputo, the capital of Mozambique, has added a dangerous dimension to the tensions which already exist between South Africa and its black neighbours.

Today's raid was the first such attack by South Africa against Mozambique since the left-wing Frelimo Government came to power in 1975.

The attack, which took place around 2 am, was directed at three houses occupied by members of the African National Congress (ANC), a militant black nationalist organisation which is banned in South Africa. Its leader, Mr Nelson Mandela, is serving a life sentence on Robben Island.

Thirteen people were killed in the raid; eleven were occupants of the houses, one was a white member of the commando force and one was a Portuguese technician who was killed while travelling to the port suburb of Matola, where he worked.

According to General Constant Viljoen, chief of the South African Defence Force, three houses contained the planning and control headquarters for the nationalist organisation in Maputo. He said the raid included "senior commando and terrorist" belonging to the ANC.

However, it was claimed in Maputo that the houses were occupied by South African refugees. Officials said that the Government's policy was to provide refuge for members of the ANC, but not to allow them to use Mozambique's territory for training purposes or as a springboard for guerrilla activities against South Africa.

General Viljoen said the raid was a warning to South Africa's neighbours to fear for their own safety if they protected anti-South African guerrillas. According to Mozambique, the South African force travelled to its target by land. The distance from the South African border to Maputo is only 50 miles. Matola, where the houses were situated, is about nine miles southwest of the capital.

According to a western diplomat, who was taken to witness the effects of the raid, the commandos had used rockets, mortars and mines.

The South African attack has caused considerable surprise in diplomatic circles here and in Mozambique.

"A foul act", Lieutenant-General Armando Guebuza, the Mozambique Deputy Prime Minister, called the raid "a foul and criminal act". He said the attack was a challenge to Mozambique's right to shelter South African citizens "being persecuted by the apartheid regime". (Reuters reports from Maputo).

Chairman's disappointment: Mr Robert Bishop, chairman of the management committee, said he hoped Dr Owen would change his mind. (John Willmott writes from Plymouth).
"We are very disappointed. By far the loudest cry was for David Owen to reconsider his position and to stay within the party and fight for the change in which he believes and has fought so strongly for over a number of years."

Dissidents challenged, page 2

Redundancy fund rise
With the redundancy fund falling by nearly £20m a month as factories close and companies cut staff, the Government introduced a Bill to increase the amount the fund can borrow from the National Loans Fund from £40m to £300m. Labour MPs took the action as further proof that more shocks are in store as the economic decline continues.



Ticker-tape parade: Confetti and ticker-tape rain down on the convoy of 22 former embassy hostages being given a traditional New York welcome yesterday.

Thousands of cheering New Yorkers braved icy winds to watch the parade. Many were schoolchildren, waving American flags and wearing yellow ribbons—the symbol of freedom (Michael Leapman writes).

More than 600 miles of ticker-tape was given to the city by two firms who make it. At City Hall, the 22 heroes were greeted by Mr Edward Koch, the Mayor, and given ceremonial keys to the city.

Mr Barry Rosen, one of the New Yorkers among the hostages, called the crowd's enthusiasm "incomprehensible, unbelievable".

15,000 laid off after Ford drivers strike

By Edward Townsend

A strike by 440 Ford lorry drivers who are complaining about a curtailment of foreign trips and the loss, among other things, of the chance to buy duty-free goods, yesterday caused the lay-off of about 15,000 workers in the company's southern and Midlands plants.

Production of Corvairs, Fiestas and Transit vans was brought to a halt and the company gave warning that more workers could be laid next week if the strike continued.

The only big plant not yet affected is the one at Halewood, Merseyside. Operations at the Ford tractor factory at Basildon, Essex, are to be reviewed on Monday.

The strikers, who are due to meet national union officials on Monday, work on the company's Dagenham site in Essex and are mainly engaged in the internal movement of parts and components. The dispute has arisen because of a reduction in the number of trips being made by the drivers between Dagenham and the Ford plant at Genk, Belgium.

15,000 laid off after Ford drivers strike

making about five journeys to the Continent each week.

The cut in foreign visits became a "sensitive issue" when the company employed an outside contractor last week to deliver an emergency consignment of parts to Genk.

They said that the drivers' earnings had been affected substantially by the reduction, nor had there been a cut in overtime. Short-time working or redundancies were not envisaged among the drivers.

But they added, the drivers now were not able to claim certain allowances and could not buy duty-free goods with the same regularity as in the past.

Mr Ronald Todd, national officer for the Transport and General Workers' Union and the Ford unions' chief negotiator, is to address the strikers on Monday and later meet management officials.

Lay-offs have so far affected 9,000 employees at Dagenham, about 3,000 at the Southampton plant, and a total of a further 3,000 at the Langley, Berkshire, Woolwich, south London, Aveley, Essex, and Leamington, Warwickshire, factories.

Tentative accord on free Saturdays reported by Solidarity

Warsaw, Jan 30.—Government officials and leaders of Solidarity, the independent trade union movement, were reported today to have reached a tentative accord on the free Saturday issue in talks aimed at ending Poland's sharpening labour conflict.

During a recess in the negotiations, a representative of Rural Solidarity, the still unregistered farmers' union, who was permitted to talk to delegates, said a "sort of agreement" on shortening working time was achieved.

He quoted negotiators, who included eight union officials and five peasant strike-leaders, as saying that one point of the agenda—the problem of censorship and union access to the mass media—was adjourned for subsequent discussion.

Another controversial topic, the registration of Rural Solidarity, was apparently to be dealt with upon the resumption of the talks at the Council of Ministers' meeting late tonight. No reporters were permitted inside the building.

According to Polish television, that one point of the agenda was taken on the morning of the meeting, Mr Lech Walesa, the head of Solidarity's negotiating team, said he wanted the three central points treated as "a package".

He told the television reporter: "We know that when decisions are taken on these matters, it will solve the problem (as a whole) and we will be able to work quietly and honestly... We don't want further escalation of tension," he said, adding that the talks would last "until they are successful".

Polish television ran a commentary condemning the strikes in the south-west of the country and referred to Solidarity's call for the strikes to end. "We must stop creating social tension—this point of view is shared by

the Solidarity leadership", it said.

"For the working class the word Solidarity has a special emotional sense but the working class will cut itself off from all those who tried to make from the word an instrument of political battle. Anti-socialist forces are pushing some local Solidarity branches into the blind road of negation", the commentary added.

A Solidarity official in Jelenia Gora said a sit-in strike at all main industrial plants began as planned today at 8 am. Public transport also stopped and only essential services were operating.

The Government has undertaken to send a negotiating team to the provinces on Monday. But the union said the strike would continue until an agreement had been signed on a list of demands which include the dismissal of the Union Affairs Minister and some 11 local officials.

Meanwhile, Polish journalists warned both sides against "all attempts to apply any violent solutions" in ending the labour conflicts. They said permanent negotiations were "the only way out of the crisis threatening to turn into a catastrophe".

A letter issued by the Polish Journalists' Guild and carried by the official news agency PAP, appeared to express most concern over the danger of possible violence. It urged "moderation and responsibility".

The state prosecutor's office today issued a statement reinforcing last night's warning by the Government that anarchy was imminent.

It reminded Poles that such activities as slandering state officials and political organisations, occupying public buildings, denying workers access to factories and issuing uncensored publications carried jail sentences of between one and 15 years.—AP, UPI and Reuters.

Pravda attack, page 4

BL reinstates two men after 'mob' inquiry

From Clifford Webb
Birmingham

BL yesterday accepted the findings of a joint union-management inquiry into a disturbance at its Longbridge car plant on November 21 and reinstated two of the eight workers dismissed for allegedly leading a mob.

The inquiry followed a six-day strike by 1,500 workers which cost the company £18m in lost production of Metros.

The inquiry, under an independent chairman from the Government's Advisory, Conciliation and Arbitration Service, was unanimous in finding reasonable doubt in the evidence against Mr Maurice Jones, aged 36. He is reinstated immediately.

They were divided about the case of Mr Keith Caesar, aged 28, but the management, under pressure from union leaders, yesterday agreed to give him the benefit of the doubt. He will lose 10 days pay before returning to work.

But throughout a six-hour meeting at BL's management training centre near Warwick, Mr Harold Musgrove, chairman of Austin Morris and Rover

Welsh river polluted by nitric acid

From Our Correspondent
Brecon

The Welsh Water Authority has issued a warning to the public after the pollution of a river in Gwent by 2,000 gallons of concentrated nitric acid.

A spokesman at the authority's Brecon headquarters said that members of the public were being told not to enter the Afon Llywd between Panteg and Caerleon under any circumstances.

Police with loud bailers were touring areas along the river telling people to stay clear of the water and farmers and pet owners were told to keep their animals away from the water.

The spokesman said: "This is a major pollution incident. Already there are signs of substantial fish fatalities and there has been damage to other forms of life in the river. We believe we know the source of the acid but because of the possibility of legal action we are not identifying it at present."

He said that the Afon Llywd had been a fishable river which had recently been stocked as a trout fishery.



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South African Airways
Where no-one's a stranger

Saturday Review



The city of beautiful nonsense

The ritzy, rich and swanky have always left

Vogue on display in their drawing

rooms. It has kept them in touch with the

very latest, tip-top high fashion

and, through some classy travel writing,

told them where they might

while away their time. Here, from Vogue

of the Twenties, is Noel Coward

on the Venice Lido and, from the Fifties,

Henry Green on the city.

For a few months in every year, a fierce and relentless sun blazes down upon Venice—viciously, if a trifle superficially, described as "The City of Beautiful Nonsense". Enthusiastic steam launches forge raucously up and down the Grand Canal, causing perspiring tourists to clutch the carved wooden seats of their gondolas as they bounce up and down in the wash and swirl away from slippery green steps at the precise moment that somebody is attempting to get into them. Hordes of earnest women, with pince-nez and Baedekers, rush spiritedly through austere buildings to converge ultimately, wearing expressions of weary triumph, upon the Piazza San Marco, where, for a few brief moments, they relax and consume ices and cakes preparatory to gathering themselves together for renewed onslaughts upon the wistful remnants of further beautiful nonsense. Flocks of unembarrassed

pigeons are photographed incessantly with a charming disregard of social distinctions, perching upon the more vulnerable anatomical points of minor European royalties and self-conscious American matrons, and, all through the long, scorching days, clouds of effusive superlatives are wafted up and over the shrieking domes and spires of what was once the most graceful and dignified city of the world. It is not altogether surprising, therefore, that the wealthy exclusive nucleus of cosmopolitan, self-designated as the "sheik set", migrates with a slightly uncalled-for air of superiority to the Excelsior Hotel on the Lido. Here, for hours on end, the placid shal-lows of the long-suffering Adriatic are peppered with bobbing and gesticulating figures. There can be but small consolation for it in the knowledge that it is being ravished by the best people—salt water is a notorious leveller of class differences. Every square inch

of fine, powdered sand is churned up by the passing of innumerable toes and dented and depressed by recumbent sun-blistered bodies of various nationalities.

Perhaps the most astonishing deduction to be drawn from the Lido Beach as a pleasure resort is the tragically demoralizing effect that it has upon character. Pensively innocuous people who, during the larger portion of the year, lead useless but well-meaning lives, arrive at the Excelsior with so much as a harsh thought even for their best friends—suffering a little from inevitable traveller's fatigue, following a hot and dusty train journey—and desiring, only peace and hours of languorous tranquility.

Usually, a day or two passes before the first signs of moral degeneration begin to appear in varying forms of irascibility—sudden, violent quarrels at bridge or an unreasoning desire to frustrate the most harmless plans suggested by casual acquaintances in the worthy cause of general enjoyment. In the case of more dominant personalities, a few hours are necessary in order to bring forth those treacherous impulses and revoltingly primitive desires, which, if we are to believe Monsieur Gustave Flaubert, are firmly embodied in the most charming natures.

For the benefit of the mercifully uninitiated, it would, perhaps, be well to describe this Gomorrah of frowzy splendour. An undercurrent and, incomplete wooden pier wanders listlessly for a few yards into the sea and stops short abruptly, as though discouraged by its own unattractiveness. An amazingly hot strip of sand is semi-circularized by two rows of cabanas, or bathing huts, intersected by narrow plank paths that scorch the soles of the feet unless some person has flung down a wet bathing-dress and left a damp patch of grateful coolth.

A wider board walk leads from the centre of the beach to a majestic flight of steps culminating in the terrace of the Excelsior Hotel. It is not considered etiquette to penetrate as far as this unless comparatively clothed. Within the lounge an air of well-ordered civilization soothes the senses—one or two of the bridge players actually seem to be enjoying themselves, unlike their scowling friends on the beach, who spend hours squabbling viciously and brushing flakes of their own sun-scorched flesh from the table.

The visitors who live in Venice and come out to the Lido only for the day have more chance of ultimate salvation. By the time that they have reached their hotels in the evening and dressed and dined, the sour lines have been eradicated from their faces and their sanity of outlook restored. They begin to chatter and laugh again, sublimely unconscious of the pit from which they have escaped. They glide about peacefully in gondolas and watch marmosette-like figures jiggling about on lantern-bung Serenatas. The lights on the Piazza are lazily extinguished. Dim couples wander through the shadows, occasionally speaking Italian—until, at last, for a few hours, the crowd-cracked city succumbs to the weary sleep of gently decaying beauty.

Venice, where no ice is, and green has never been, at dawn the fishless stinking sea milk white, a pink palace domed into a sky of milk and towards which one black gondola is being poled. Venice where the only horses must be statues and they have yet to put up motor cars in stone, oh Venice with no bicycle bells but with a Bridge of Sighs and Casanova always on a roof—the sun is rising must bring azure to your roads of sea-sideless with a steadily rising stretch. Venice where Proust thought to travel and never did. Venice they somehow missed when bombing. Venice which is still here but for how long, and will it be too late soon, the pigeons. St Mark's, a populace standing under colonnades angrily arguing prices, the sun at noon too sharp striking light off marble, the brazen horses hot and dry to touch—up in that dormer window on the lead roof a maid stretched in black, snoring on the bed with skirts up about her mouth, the natives poling spaghetti down. Venice which is too hot because she never freezes—where do they get their drinking water or do they strike this like oil, are there derricks to gush it from the ocean into those old palaces past which the motor boats must not speed in case they bring the places down.

Venice, for the honeymoon, cushions at the rear in a little moving room, the gondolier who does not look back, but no he would be pushing from the stern—we would be stretched out before him—so what do they have shades on that little backward looking window through which his envenomed eyes at the corners of which two bluebottles sip brighter than jewels, the gondolier appraising our re-making, can you then draw a blind to exclude him or can he go to the bows to pole and not look over a shoulder, to stare into sun with his wounds of eyes while I wound you, my love, on cushions white like rice to the lap lap of water.

Venice, the lions of St Mark's in stone—did one such lion on a great afternoon swim in from blinding yellow sands every yard from the south, its home—an orange head stewart the sure sea, with salt-encrusted nostrils, eyes red, a white fish impaled on the claws of one forepaw all the sad way from Africa towards which Venice ever leans—did they then who live there catch its sobbing breath, the dark despair of effort a sounding band about the heart. Oh Venice of marble, my love unvisited, my honeymoon unspent.

Or is it at dusk when each emerald within the sea will rise to take the surface air, when light winds from the Bosphorus, the Golden Gates, waft from the East to cool the palace windows even now lighting against dusk and the sky is gold, when pigeons clap their wings to take evening flight in air that now is eyelid pink and the stretch—subside, when those blue-stoned walls can breathe and saints in stone do stretch to sigh for another day that is done in five, six hundred years, then, is it then, Venice, time for lovers in that darker dusk within the little room that glides while the gondolier hums.

Hanging to his bars the prisoner at his cell will see this evening dove flight, the maid in black and on her bed will yawn at them then draw her skirts down along far legs, the lovestick girl will drop on doves as they find their way, as the sea must fade, the sunset before they roost on an old statue's taut right arm, the marble shoulder, or on bronze imperishable ever folded wings of angels standing on a corner to await the daily death of Venice.

And the rising moon. Above a sea turned dark as night on which Venice ever leans her tresses the disc emerges apricot gold and every small wave set with diamonds, fanned by her desert breath, takes on an Afric sunshine only cold as death as dolphins come in out of the wide sea to Venice. For she is wedded to the sea. Her rulers the Doges, when each in his turn came to office, had this custom by which he was rowed out on to the main where he let drop a golden ring to away criss-crossed down into the ocean, to gleam, for Venice is wed to the sea called Mediterranean.

And the dolphins at night drive in from the sea. With their brief sigh as they come up to breathe, they are quicksilver in moonlight over Venice and in their play they do sigh for lovers adrift in the moonlight lane from Venice.

And these lovers, as they are urged by no action of their own into this old enchantment, leave behind as they must in their care for one another, marble blood in its veins under midday heat, now classically turned blue blooded in the moon, blanched, carved into a living identity with its statues that live for ever on the buildings of Venice which does not sleep at night.

Here, too, the noonday blaze which stunned Venice, which drew her stretch up to freight the air with living, has cooled, has turned as cold as silhouettes where the gondola cuts its own outline where no other vessel is and where, in one another's arms, cut off in our shade from the gondolier, we voyage more than ever by ourselves away from the cold marble forehead of Venice in which doves now swoon on statues and the night holds still and we, bereft in one another's warmth by the sheer moonlight, in one another's nyloned skin, each gently haloed in the other's breath, and silenced she and I, are silenced as we draw out from Venice.

For silence is best where we, while idly talking, might disagree under the clear stars, alone the gondolier forgotten. Nor is it safe for lovers to more than murmur in Venice, even out at sea. For behind them they have the storied pavements, great lives in mosaic, and above those fabled women swathed in marble idleness over great niches set in silken covered walls, there are ceilings dimmed now by night, unreflected by moonlight through the wide windows, there are heroes drawn over stretched motionless ceilings to vast designs which were painted to show each in his greatest moment and, thus painted, become the thieves of time; these are for us, in the city we have left behind, which our gondola has sunk beneath the skyline, these are the epit-

ome of all love stories, in mosaic, in statues and in great painting to bring us mortals down to little more than ghosts, but warm, off Venice.

So it is perhaps we should be chary of a honeymoon in or off the seaborne city. It may be too much has gone on or is pictured there. There could be frailty in our lives not to be endured under that magnificence. We might be found wanting. How then can the inhabitants live through such a challenge? The answer must be they are so used to riches that they no longer feel, or else they live in cross-eyed blindness.

Can one then have the heart, the impudence to visit Venice? Is that the reason Proust would never go? For against this, if it might be too hot by day or the stretch then too great, by contrast it would seem only too easy to set out by moonlight so that no couple, if given the miraculous chance, could fail, intent on their two selves, to sink Venice, as can be done tomorrow by the gondola covering of a moonlit lane of sea. Yet to leave her thus is but to come back to bed in Venice.

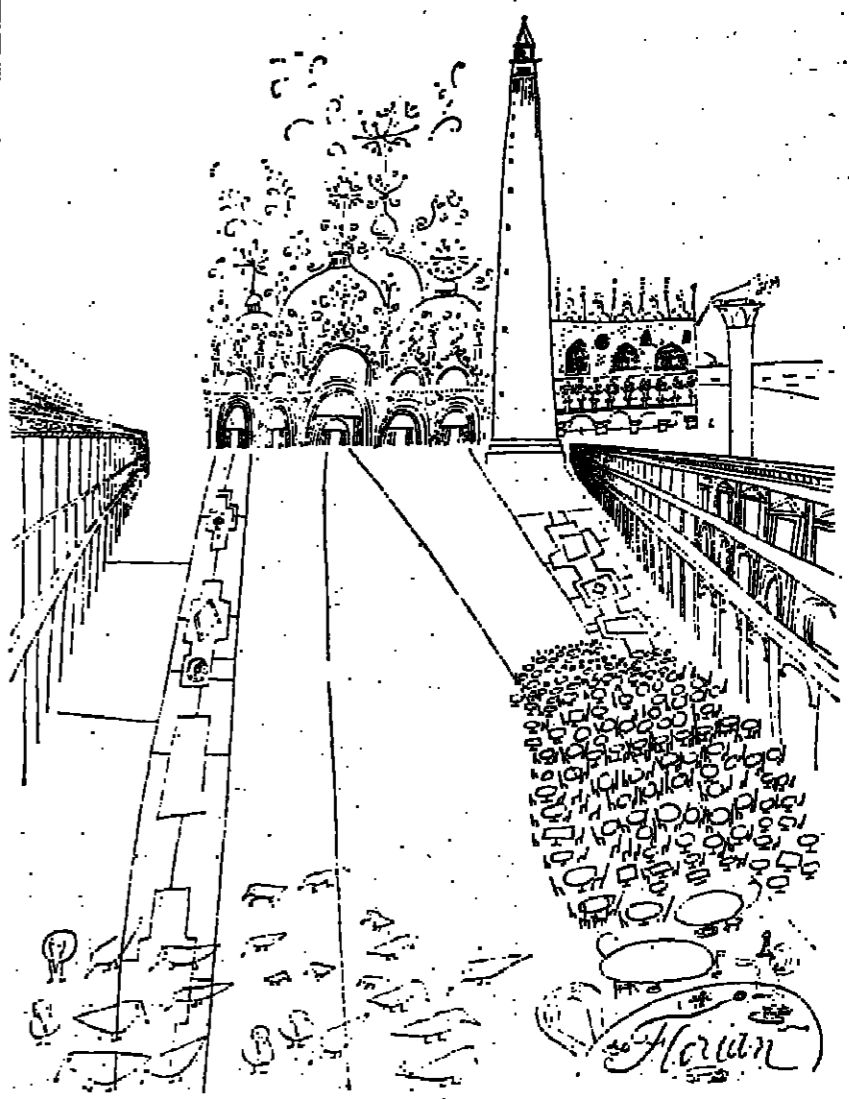
The dawn is always chill, better met between sheets. The sun, in first rising, is not warmer than the loved one's arms. So, in returning over the sea, in seeing that fabled city rise out of the ocean under moonlight, first one dome then another, and the gold crosses paired to white, next the roads of water between black shadows—oh here then must be who knows what of the great myths of the world that

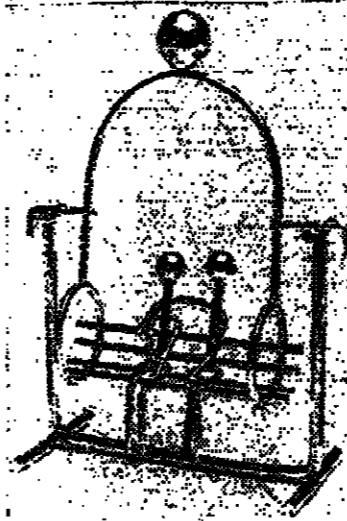
each one carries within him. Venice by moonlight, all the whole literature of the world that every human being, the heir as we all are to each beautiful line created, is born to and holds in a molten casket in his heart for Venice.

For Venice is everlasting, lives by a life that cannot die except by bombs. It may be she is too strong for mortals, that we could feel too human to submit our will to hers. But sure as day follows night the morrow's sun will rise on Venice, the stretch, if you will, return. But the doves must come down from up the palaces, dawn will find her great stony eyes wide opened. Prisons, palaces and churches will smile again as they have through centuries, and the people of Venice will go on unregarding. And while she is here still, through her and under her will continue to drift brave pilgrims from the West.

Then, as day closes yet once more, Venice will clothe herself for the moon. And, when that reflection rises from Africa in the moon's triumph over men, that is the time for all the world's lovers, living their lives over again (their lives perhaps to be) in the photographs and pictures of Venice: a city for ever wedded to the sea that there is no one does not carry by him and which each one of us lives by, despite himself, his inward eye fixed, perhaps it would best be not in, but rather trained upon Venice.

These extracts are taken from *Travel in Vogue*, to be published by MacDonald Futura on March 19, at £10.95.





A black and white photograph of a woman standing, wearing a white dress with a dark, patterned collar and a large, dark heart-shaped patch on the front. She is looking towards the camera.

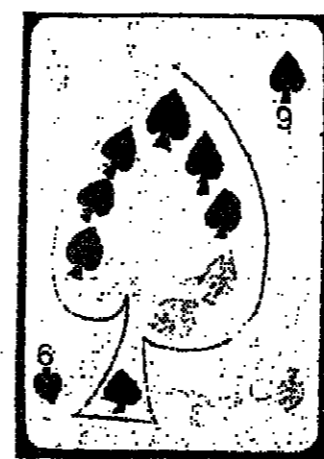
Hot Pot

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potatoes — about 10
seconds
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For comfortable
letting
adding up a hot pot.

Hot Pot



a year, a tumble dryer used three hours a week for a year, £28, a 7 cu ft freezer £28. And even they are underestimating, as they are using a 4p per unit base. At £244p the cost of their cooker, for instance, goes up to £63.66 and may rise to £73.50 after April.

Their leaflet also gives tips on keeping heating under control and insulating against waste, so it may give you some ideas. You can get a copy by sending a 36p note to The Electrical Consumers' Council, 119 Marylebone Road, London NW1 5PY.

ACCORDING to the grace of God which is given unto me, I have founded a new religion, the religion of the future, which is the religion of the present. I have founded it in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, Amen.

BIRTHS
ANDERSON—On January 21st, 1981, to the wife of Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson, a son, James, born at 11.15 a.m. and weighing 7 lb 10 oz. The mother and child are well.

BIRTHDAYS
CARTER—Mr. and Mrs. G. Carter, of 10, York Road, London, E.C.4, celebrate the birthday of their son, David, on January 31st, 1981. He is now 10 years old.

DEATHS
BARKER—On January 29th, 1981, at the home of his wife, Mrs. Barker, of 10, York Road, London, E.C.4, a son, David, born at 11.15 a.m. and weighing 7 lb 10 oz. The mother and child are well.

DEATHS
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ANNOUNCEMENTS
POETRY
If you love to speak Poetry, you will love to be involved in the creation of a new poetry group. We are looking for people who are interested in poetry and who want to share their ideas with others.

PERSONAL COLUMNS

ALSO ON PAGE 23

UK HOLIDAYS
THE ONLY HOTEL TO RECEIVE 2 GOLD AWARDS FROM THE TRAVEL AGENTS ASSOCIATION
The only hotel to receive 2 Gold Awards from the Travel Agents Association is the **THE ONLY HOTEL**. It is a hotel of excellence, with a reputation for service and quality.

HOLIDAYS AND VILLAS
CAMPOTEL
Best camping and caravan holiday in Britain and Ireland. The Campotel is a holiday home, with a reputation for service and quality.

HOLIDAYS AND VILLAS
SMALL WORLD'S BARGAIN OF THE WINTER
At St. Catharine's in the Dolomites, 7th-21st February, 1981, the Small World's Bargain of the Winter is a holiday home, with a reputation for service and quality.

HOLIDAYS AND VILLAS
SKI BLADON LINES
7th Feb bargains. The Ski Bladon Lines is a holiday home, with a reputation for service and quality.

HOLIDAYS AND VILLAS
TAKE OFF WITH AIRLINK
From 1981, the Airlink is a holiday home, with a reputation for service and quality.

HOLIDAYS AND VILLAS
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The Times Crossword Puzzle No 15,438

ACROSS

1 Travel with ship to a foreign sea, for fine material (8).

2 Liable to shock, being sort of blue (8).

3 A lot of criminals go north of the border (4).

4 Skiffed act from captain and member of crew (6-6).

5 Omit nothing in settling foreign border (6).

6 Deputies for one who's good and evil (6, 2).

7 Medical congress? In a way that's right (7).

8 Artist taking a road, right? Left German city (7).

9 To name, in another way (8).

10 Acting to contain onset of sickness (6).

11 Nationalities producing Finnish, so to speak (6, 3).

12 Old coin—a noble? Casual listener might think so (4).

13 Brew nice ales of outstanding quality (8).

14 King embroiled by sweet heart—not in daylight (8).

DOWN

1 Musical work for many performers, or a small group? Nothing in it (8).

2 Division, for example, with soldiers in position (12).

3 A wizard with words surely shouldn't (8).

4 How to make a new man of Noel? Just the opposite (7).

5 Pharaoh embarrassed by main obstacle to his pursuit of blue (8).

6 Put on view or not? (8).

7 Its students are up most of the time (6, 6).

8 It's to show what's carried by tradesman if it's truthful (8).

9 Grandfather clock? (3-5).

10 Disparages what this answer does (4, 4).

11 No longer sitting? Like defeated MP... (7).

12 ...has ten constituents in the city (6).

13 Associated with sales in Billingsgate (4).

SOLUTION OF PUZZLE NO 15,437

ACROSS

1. CROCODILE

2. BLUE

3. BORDER

4. SKIFF

5. OMIT

6. DEPUTY

7. MEDICAL

8. ARTIST

9. NAME

10. ACTING

11. NATIONALITIES

12. OLD COIN

13. BREW

14. KING

DOWN

1. MUSICAL

2. DIVISION

3. WIZARD

4. NOEL

5. PHAROAH

6. PUT ON

7. STUDENTS

8. SHOW

9. GRANDFATHER

10. DISPARAGES

11. NO LONGER

12. HAS

13. ASSOCIATED

14. SALES

S. FRANCE 18-30's

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